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empty coffin, but bless yer, chile, der devil would n't let Mr. Ivey rest dar while his brother's 'mains was a-bleachin' out in der sun an' rain, so he was jes natch'ly sont down in der swamp ter find Mr. Jakey's poor ole bones, an' dar he hunts an' hunts wid a lighted pine knot, all in ermong der cypress knees. Unc' Jim he's done seed him lots er times when he's been runnin' der drain wheel dark rainy nights. Yes, he's done seed him a-tearin' an' a-lopin' over dem ridges, his pine knot a blazin' an' a flamin' spite of der rain, an' he can't stop nor rest kase he's druv all der time by dem bad sperits following him an' tormentin' him.

"Dem trashy young niggers do say as how dat light dancin' an' bobbin' in der swamp 'round der drainin' wheel an' un'er de ole oak is er Jack-lantern—but me an' Unc' Jim, we knows it's Mr. Ivey a-huntin' fer Mr. Jakey's bones."

*Mrs. C. V. Jamison.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE COTTONWOOD-TREE: LOUISIANA SUPERSTITION. — The perpetual movement of the cottonwood-tree was explained by the same narrator as follows:—

"Well, chile, yer see dis was what my ole Miss useter tell me. Dem same kind er trees growed in dat garden whar der blessed Lord prayed der night afore he was crucified, an' when Judas cum dar along 'er dem soldiers ter 'tray der Lord an' take him erway ter nail him on der cross, dey done chop down one of dem trees and made der Saviour ob der world tote it up ter Calvery. An' dey made der cross outen it, an' dem trees sensed how it was der blessed Lord what was gwine ter suffer an' die on one of 'em, and dey jes tuk ter tremblin' an' shiverin' with fear. An' dey never stop yit, an' never will while one of dem grows, kase dey is der kind er tree what der cross of Calvery were made of."

DE WITCH-'OOMAN AN' DE SPINNIN'-WHEEL. THE WITCH PREVENTED FROM RE-ENTERING HER SKIN: A TALE FROM LOUISIANA. — One time dey wuz a man whar rid up at night ter a cabin in de eedge o' de swamp. He wuz dat hongry an' ti'd dat he say ter hissef: "Ef I kin git a hunk o' co'n-pone and a slice o' bakin', I doan kur what I pays!" On dat here come a yaller-ooman spankin' out'n de cabin. She wuz spry on her foot ez a catbird, an' her eyes wuz sof' an' shiny. She ax de man fer ter light an' come in de cabin, an' git some supper. An' Lawd! how he mouf do water when he cotch a glimpst er de skillet on de coals! He luk it so well dat he stay; an' he sot eroun' in dat cabin ontwel he git so fat dat de grease fa'r run out'n he jaws when he look up at de sun. De yaller-'ooman she spen' her time cookin' fer him, an' waitin' on him wi' so much oberly, dat at las' de man, he up an' marry dat yaller-'ooman.

At fus' dey git erlong tollable well, but a'ter erwhile he gin ter notice dat sump'n curus 'bout dat yaller-'ooman. She ain' never in de cabin when he wake up in de night time! So, he mek up his min' fer ter spy on her. He lay down one night on de fo' pos' bed in de cornder, ten' luk he sleep.